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e judge him blindly who-unsought of Who measure by the standards of the | count of what? What do you-" Uncouth in guise, withal may yet disclose A wealth of thought unshadowed in his

Unlearned-not he who studies Nature's Who bends attentive o'er an opening

flower;
For whom the silent grandeur of the woods
New rapture holds, and for his soul new
power.

Who close to Nature holds a listening ear And on her pulse instinctive Mys his Each day some lesson from her lips will Her heart's deep throbbings feel, and un-

For him the frailest thing-a spider's The humblest worm that upward bores The sod,
Theyery turf that yields beneath his tread—
Translates, to simpler terms, the mind
of God.

He reads life's story in a faded flower, And in the remnant blush of tints that Other makes of established reputation, Sees withered hopes that blossomed for And marks the fate of earth's ambition

> The echoing glade-the patter of the rain-The soughing wind—the shadow of a tree. Starts some new impulse in his active

> And from each casement sets his fancy free.

Where outward gilding and the thin Will find the recognition fashion gives. ie turns undaunted from the empty sheer. For in his soul the true refluement lives. And though his forehead wears no earthly

Nor myrits, springs indulgent at his feet. Heaven holds for him who nobly serves his day. A crown of glory and a golden street.

John Troland, in Ram's Horn.

#### The Green-Eyed Monster

Some months ago Mr. Jobson received, in the morning mail delived at his house, a letter addressed to him in a dainty feminine hand. Mrs.
Jobson had gone to the basement door
"But it's from—" Mrs. Jobson start-Jobson had gone to the basement door and she was somewhat puzzled as to who Mr. Jobson's feminine correspond- speech. ent could be. She did not know the handwriting. It was that of none of tain myself who it's from, madame," her female relatives nor of his. However, she handed the letter to him at the breakfast table, simply asking, not in any particularly carious way:

"Who is it from?" "I'll know better as to that after I've opened it and seen the signature," replied Mr. Jobson, choppily.

Mrs. Jobson ran over her own letters while Mr. Jobson was reading the missive addressed to him in the feminine handwriting, and when she looked up and across the table at her spouse he was apparently suffused in blushes, and there was quite an amount of self-satisfied complaisancy in his manner. "Anything important?" inquired

Mrs. Jobson "Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Jobson, leering at himself in the sideboard mirror and twiddling with his fork.

"Is It from anybody I know?" inired Mrs. Jobson "I think not," replied Mr. Jobson, ad-

justing his cravat and pulitng down his cuffs in a truly Lothario-like manner. "Business matter?" asked Mrs. Job-

"Well, hardly that," answered Mr. Jobson, with another quite killing look at himself in the sideboard glass.

"Anything I'd be interested in?" inquired Mrs. Jobson, not with any particular indication of excitement nor any evidence of pique.

"I wouldn't undertake to say as to that," replied Mr. Jobson, rubbing the hair over on the bald spot on the top of his head, and smiling mysteriously to "It's not in regard to the church fair,

is it?" asked Mrs. Jobson. "Anything but that," replied Mr. Jobson, toying with his fork after the man-

ner of a leading juvenile at a stage sup-Dimities. per. "Anything in life but that."
"Is your coffee strong enough?" asked Mrs. Jobson, and Mr. Jobson

looked signally disappointed that she did not pursue her inquiries further. Mrs. Jobson was, however, saying to herself: "He's just aching to have me come but and demand to know the contents of

that letter, and the name of the writer, but I'll just do nothing of the sort—so there, now! I would like to know the name of the impudent thing, but I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of asking outright for worlds! As if I cared! Huh! Moreover, I'll see the letter anyhow-that is, if it's in his coat pocket at bedtime to-night. But I guess it's nothing very serious, else it wouldn't be addressed to him right here at his house. Now, just look at him, preening himself, and imagining if I should ever become jealous of any | insured." living man, indeed!"

Mr. Johson pulled the letter out of his pocket, unfolded it, and read it with he have had mine insured instead of great elaboration, two or three times over, and the mysterious smile on his countenance deepened each time that he perused it. Somewhat to his chagrin, as exhibited by the frequent glances that he cast at her out of the corners of his eyes, Mrs. Jobson seemed to have quite forgotten about the ictter, and all his ahems and other ostentatious efforts to attract her attention to it failed dismally. Mr. Jobson kissed her quite amiably before starting for the office, and still looked quite complaisantly mysterious as he descended the steps.
When Mr. Jobson was at the dessert

stage of his dinner that evening he booked up at Mrs. Jobson and said: "Came near going out of your mind from jealousy this morning, didn't

"Jealousy?" replied Mrs. Jobson. trying to look as completely mystified as possible. "Jealous of who? On ac-

"Oh, I saw your eyes tlash, and I thought you were going to have an attack of apoplexy," said Mr. Johson, "Jealousy is a sorry business, Mrs. Jobson-it's a feeling that men are incapa- He Never Smiled, But Was Handy ble of experiencing-their natures are so much larger and broader, you know. Now, I don't want you to go on suffering acute mesery over the communication I received addressed in a feminine hand this morning, so I'll show it to you on condition—"

"I have not the least desire in life to jacket on coming home from the office, before he had thought to sloft the letter to his smoking jacket pocket. Mr. Jobson insisted upon ber reading

it, however, and for the second time she read over a begging letter, written by slight build and medium height, at the female secretary of the Society for an early age he became one of the the Raising of a Sponge Cake Fund for Indigent Infants, or something of that | tion, and was employed by the owners | a handsome profit on the enormous "When I saw that you were so ter-

rifically and unwarrantedly jealous," explained Mr. Jobson, "I concluded to those times ranchmen fancied that give you a little lesson, and at the same time to instruct you in the flimsiness of eircumstantial evidence. I'd recommend you not to give vent to any such manifestations of uncontrollable jealThis made him a "bad man," and ousy in the future, Mrs. Jobson; it's not a pretty sight, and you'd find it mighty wearing on the system."

mail on Tuesday morning last there this he was appointed marshal of a was a letter for her addressed in a strong masculine hand. Mr. Jobson was right behind her, and she made an ineffectual effort to hide the letter beneath her | hind to throw up his hands, or he house jacket. But Mr. Jobson's eagle eye caught her in the attempt. "Who's that one from, Mrs. Jobson?"

he asked her, in a sharp voice. a succession of well-defined blushes went over him.

crossing her face. "That letter addressed in a man's

to get the letters from the postman, ed to say, looking quite extraodinarily guilty, however, and faltering in her

"I'll just take the trouble to ascersaid Mr. Jobson, "as soon as you've looked over it. Pretty mysterious business, I should say. Why, of all the nerve that I've ever heard of, this is-And Mr. Jobson jammed his hands into his trousers pockets, ruffled up his hair, and clomped up and down the din-

Mrs. Jobson broke open the envelope, hastily read the letter, returned it to the envelope, and looked greatly confused. She started to tear the missive up, but Mr. Jobson was within two

feet of her in a stride. "Ah-ha!" said he, his eyes blazing. "You'd tear It up, would you? You'd hide the evidence of-madame, I'll trouble you to hand me that letter, and

Mrs. Johson drew back. "But I'd much rather not, and-"she started to say.

just like Rawdon Crawley in the der | will, shooting the gr nouement scene in "Becky Sharp," his | marshals and running things their own | shall not be ignorant!" Our working breath coming and going stentoriously. "Why, of all the outrageous-

"Well, I suppose I shall have to surrender it," said Mrs. Johson, shrinkingly, and then she handed over the letter to Mr. Jobson. It was from the correspondence clerk of a Washington male tailor, and it read:

"Madame: The skirt which you left with us to be made over and relined is finished, and we beg to request that you call at your convenience and try same on, in order that we may be sure that it fits satisfactorily."

"Oh!" said Mr. Jobson, mopping his forehead. "That's what it is, is it?" "Men are incapable of experiencing such a feeling as jewlousy, aren't they?"

inquired Mrs. Jobsch sweetly. "Jenlousy, nothing," said Mr. Jobson. "Who was jealous? I thought it was another procrastinating letter from that dummy of a lawyer of yours about the sale of that lot,"-Washington

#### The Selfish Man.

They have only been married about a month and everything has been very lovely so far. However, the other night, when mamma went up to the house she saw that something was wrong, and when Jack went out for his "nightcap" she prepared for a tearful explanation. "No, mamma," the young wife said, "Jack doesn't love me. I found that out last night.

"Oh, my poor child," the mother ex-laimed. "What has happened? Ah, claimed. I see it all! You found a letter in his "It wasn't that," the miserable

young woman answered, "he came that I am already insanely jealous! As home and told me that he had his life "Well?" "Now, if he really loved me, wouldn't

> selfishly going and having all this protection put upon himself?"-Albany Human Food from a Lily. A wonderful reserve fund for the human appetite is to be found in the veg-

> etable diet of the Klamath Indians. A novel variety of food forming a menu unknown to the civilized world is offered in the pulp of the great yellow water lily, which is converted into a farinaceous food; in the weed known as goosefoot, which bears a black seed that is ground up for loaves and cakes and in the arrowhead, which in the fall develops a starchy white tuber at the end of the roots.

State Luncheons in China. A state lunch in China contains 145 dishes.

#### PRINCE OF BULLIES.

Kid Brown, a Western Officer, Was a Very Bad Man.

with His Revelver-His Victims Numbered by the Score-Met an Appropriate End.

One of the most noted characters for years in the west was a man known the books, with alternating leaves of far and wide as "Kid" or Henry Brown. He was a typical cowboy, rough-rider, see it," said Mrs. Jobson. She had, in gambler, bank robber, cow thief, shootfact, already read it-when Mr. Jobson | er, city marshal, and the most danhad changed his coat for his smoking | gerous and all-round villain of his time, from 1875 to 1884.

white, with a slight blonde mustache, most dreaded men of the Indian naof several large ranches because of sales. The book containing 12 twohis reputation as the cold-blooded cent stamps and costing 25 cents would shooter who never smiled. During they needed such a bully as a sort of

Henry's first act was to shoot three gave him a reputation.

Later he practiced marksmanship by shooting two old Indians and a squaw When the postman delivered the first | in the Crow reservation. Soon after western Texas town, and while looking for Bill Petit, a noted horse thief, he was called upon by Petit from bewould blow his head off. Instead of doing so, Brown dropped flat to the ground, at the same time pulling a six-shooter and shooting Petit square "Which one?" inquired Mrs. Jobson, between the eyes, just as Petit's shot

southern Kansas, was in a state of handwriting that you just stuck under | cowboy terror. Three marshals had your waist," said Mr. Jobson, severely. been killed in succession by cowboys, "Let's just have a look at that after and a young woman by the name of Anderson, the daughter of a banker



THE PRINCE OF BULLIES.

in Hunneywell, a near-by town, had been shot in the street.

Caldwell was then the end of the end of the great cattle trail from Texas, an's Home Companion. Recently a for-"That letter instantly Mrs. Jobson!" and the cowboys took the towns at eigner exclaimed; "It is too late for

> Mike Mayer, the last marshal, had stepped out on the street to tender his kind offices to a friend that was shooting the coping bricks off the top of one of the bank buildings and incidentally taking a shot at the windows of the building. When Mike called to him to stop, he turned and shot Mike

> dead. Then the city appointed Henry Brown marshal. He inaugurated himself the first day by going to a cowboy's corral and demanding five of them to throw up their hands, and shooting three of them before they had time tocomply. He took the other two to the

While I knew him for four years, I never saw Brown smile, writes a Philadelphia Press correspondent. Some said that he didn't have enough blood

in him to smile. The mayor and others soon became afraid to call on Brown to serve papers or to make arrests, because they knew

that he would bring back a corpse. But he drove all the shooters out of town and shooting got so scarce for him and his deputy that in the spring of 1884 they concluded to get up a little matinee of their own. So they took their horses by a circuitous route, leaving word that they were trailing some horse thieves. With them went

a man named Smith. The next day at nine o'clock they showed up at the bank in Medicine Lodge, a neighboring county seat, and, presenting six-shooters at the president and cashier, ordered them to hold up and "shell out."

The cashier, knowing Brown well, and thinking that he was joking, laughed and answered: "You cou in't hit anything," whereupon Brown emptied his pistol, killing both men.

I happened to be in Medicine Lodge that day and helped make the chase after Brown and his deputy. This was a cowboy town, and in a few minutes 30 men were in saddles and after them over a muddy road and up into the red gypsum hills. We corraled them after one of their

horses gave out, and after a couple of hours of shooting they surrendered and were brought to town and placed in the bld log jail. At six o'clock we took them out to "see the sun set." No doubt they had agreed upon a plan, for they made a

dash for liberty. It was a fatal move. Henry Brown was killed in his tracks, Smith ran a few feet, then fell, while Brown's deputy got about 100 yards and was captured. He watched the sun set under the limb of a great elm tree, which stands there till this day.

what a nuisance it is to do so. The Convenient stamps will stick together. Special

Postage Stamps. cases to hold them and oiled paper to keep them apart, with other devices, may be tried, but they are inconvenient and unsatisfactory. The Washington Star says that the third assistant postmaster general is considering a plan to save the annoyance of stuck-together stamps. The plan is to bind the stamps in litstamps and paraffin paper, the books resembling somewhat the telegraph frank books that are so common in Washington and which may have suggested the idea. The books will be He was born in northern Texas, and was a type of the blonde indian of the Cherokee nation. Though entirely 96 cents. The government will pay applied to the walls of 24 cents, 48 cents and thick. The landlady, paler and more two doflars a thousand for making these books, and will charge an advance of one cent each, which will yield probably be the most popular. The idea is a sensible one, and it is strange that it had not been thought of before. The discouraging thing about carrying one of these books, though, is that the man who carries stamps is always the victim of the man who

> Investigation of the causes, effects and means of prevention of forest fires

doesn't have any but wants to borrow.

Government
Forestry Work.

in the west, will be carried on by the government division of forestry next summer in Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, South Dakota. Besides field study, designed chiefly to discover means of preventing the evil, At this time the town of Caldwell. the division is making a historic record of all important fires which have occurred in the United States since 1754. Although yet incomplete, says the official bulletin, this indicates that the annual recorded loss by forest burnings in the United States is, at the very lowest, \$20,000,000. It will prob ably run far above this sum, as the Pacific coast states have been only partially examined. Accounts of over 5,500 disastrous fires have been ob-

> press is to underestimate the dam-To-day we have common workmen who approach the wise men of 200 Education the years ago. Our public schools have

tained in the 17 states already ex-

Wisconsin have suffered the most sc-

Modern Moses. greated an enthusiasm for education that is pathetic, writes Newell Dwight Hillis, in Womablers and the me to learn! But my children, they remain ignorant the ecclesiastical despot will oppress them, the political despot will spoil them of their treasures, the industrial despot will tyrannize over them. To escape oppression the toiler becomes informed. Education is making the poor man's muscle so powerful that despots connot afford iron enough to reach around his wrist. To-day for the first time in history knowledge is becoming universal. Agitators are being succeeded by educators. People see that intellect and ability are the real creators of wealth. Education is the modern Moses leading the people out of the wilderness into the promised land of happiness and

> At Lakewood, N. J., there is a golf club that plays at all seasons. One day, says an eastern exchange, there came to Lakewood from New York two dignified politicians, who knew nothing about golf. That afternoon they were walking across a field when they came suddenly upon a small red flag stuck in the ground. It was a golf flag, but before they could investigate, some small boys cried out: "Blast! blast! Look out for the blast!" The two statesmen dropped their dignity and took to their heels, and never stopped running until they reached the other side of a stone wall. When they returned to their hotel the story had preceded them, and they left for home next day.

> An ingenious Philadelphian is making an income out of a very novel source. He is the agent for a number of foreign steamship lines and in a ppsition to get hold of any number of different kinds of labels, such as are attached to trunks and other baggage of passengers going abroad or coming from foreign tours. These he sells to individuals who wish to create the impression when they carry their dresssuit cases in public that they have been abroad. Numbers of young men who have never been out of the country are said to be posing in this way as foreign travelers of considerable experience.

That Omaha burglar who was identified by the mark of his broken tooth. left in a piece of cheese that he stopped to eat while blowing open a safe after midnight, has reason to forswear late



GREGORY.

Nearly Ruined Himself by Drink at College But God Gave Him Another Chance.

Gregory awoke. This was his dingy ned in the boarding house, but the mattress was like a bed of coals; the air that he berathed was flame. "What's the matter?" he tried to

96 cents. The government will pay anxious even than usual, and the old loctor, who looked after the college men when they were ill, stood beside the bed. "But I am not ill! I never was ill in my life!" Gregory tried to get out of

bed, but he found he could hardly draw his breath. The doctor's red face began to grow dim and far-off. "I have telegraphed his mother," said the landlady. "She cannot get here till

morning." "He may not know her," the old man said. "It is a sharp attack. A year igo he could have thrown it off, but now fear-"

"Yes. He has been drinking hard for months," sighed the landlady. A year ago he could have thrown it off? Did they think he was going to



"MOTHER?" HE SAID.

lie? Was that what they meant? He -Gregory King! Why, he was only to! He had all his life to live. His amined. Michigan, Minnesota and mother always said that he never had a day's sickness since he was born, and was so proud of it! But then she was proud of everything about him! He verely. These records are taken chiefly from newspapers, and where it has been possible to compare them with had not thought much about her lately. the figures of practical lumbermen, it Poor little woman! How many years has been found that the tendency of the he had been denying herself to save money enough for him to come to col-

legel

He became delirious. He thought he was leaving home again on that first lay. His mother had taken him into her room and they knelt by the bed and prayed that he might live a clean, honest life, true to God, and that some day he might do noble work in the world. And then she kissed him and tried to augh when she said good-by, and the neighbors were out on the village street and waved their hands. Then he went down into the life he

had known, and that he had rioted in people understand that so long as they | for the last six months. Had he lost his chance in the world for that? Had he lost God? As the doctor watched his delirious ntient, he fancied that there was mean-

og in his eyes-a dumb agony prayer. But presently the sufferer fell ato a heavy stupor. Many hours passed before Gregory woke again. The weight on his lungs was gone. He could breathe, and bis cain was clear. A little woman in olack was kneeling by the bed, holding his hand. "Mother?" he said.

"Yes, my son," she said, trying to be "Go to sleep. We hope the daner is past." But Gregory looked steadily at her and then at the sunlight breaking

#### iod had heard him and given him anther chance.-Youth's Companion.

through the window. He knew that

NOTES OF REFORM. Calhoun county, Ia., will have no legal saloons for at least another year, as the saloon men have given up the

fight for licenses. Lafayette township, near Medina, O., has gone dry, leaving but two wet townships in the county, those of Liverpool and Wadsworth. The Montreal saloonists have apointed a committee to wait upon the

Quebec government and demand cerain changes in the license laws in the interest of their trade.-National Adcoente. A crusade against the 90 saloons of Joliet, Ill., is now on. The point of attack is their violation of four laws, viz.: selling after 11 p. m., keeping open Sundays, selling to minors, and selling to drunkards. Mida's Criterion, com-

menting on the fact, says: "If the sa-

loons kept to the law, they would not be so vulnerable." Last year's consumption of whisky was the highest ever reached in the United Kingdom, according to the Engish temperance journals, being more than a gallon a head for every man, woman and child. Compared with 1878, there has been an increase in deaths from chronic alcoholism of 821/2 per cent. among men and 145% per cent. among women.

The Philadelphia Record calls attention to the fact that the iron workers who build the sky scrapers never go on duty when the least under the influence of liquor. If any one of them sees or hears of a derrick or scaffold man taking a drink, it is his duty to report at once, and the man is watched. When proof is found, the offender is instantly discharged.